

married man falls in love with a third party and hasn't the courage to leave his wife, he is like a man who takes off his belt, ties it round the branch of a tree, and hangs himself to death in the loop while his trousers fall round his ankles. If an unmarried man finds unrequited love then there is even more the matter with him.

The love one feels is not made for one but made by one. It comes from a lack in oneself. It is a deficiency, and therefore, a certifiable disease.

We are all animals, and therefore we are continually being attracted. That this attraction should extend to what is called love is a human misfortune cultivated by novelists. It is the horror we feel of ourselves, that is of being alone with ourselves, which draws us to love, but this love should happen only once, and never be repeated, if we have, as we should, learnt our lesson, which is that we are, all and each one of us, always and always alone.

-- Henry Green

London, England

Pound's Spiritual Return To Paris

The poets watch him
on his yellow bicycle
rocketing down
around the Park Monceau
a comet
black cape fluttering
behind

trailing Provencal
into the autumn chestnuts.
His madness was his blessing
one driving the other
protector of innocence
that was his madness.

He won't last the year
they said twelve years ago.
Now he is eighty.
He walks on air
they clump behind with canes
dying in little clumps
like twisted daffodils
(these American poets --
how many there are: weeds)
their worn out books
read over them and flung into the tomb.

Here he comes again
shooting down the stairs at Monmartre
taking off
over the Seine
like Piccard
his cantos healthy
his white fists clenched like Faust
going high over the moon
the young rushing behind
trying to get a glimpse
they trail like leaves behind his
soaring loca
-motive. Then go to bed saying
"I have seen the man of the age."

from PARIS NOTEBOOKS

1.

The rain does not fall today
it hesitates
thinking perhaps
the streets are wet enough
after a week of rain.

Boats go left and right
under Pont Neuf
past Notre-Dame
on display
bobbing like bright
Derain

pictures. If only the sky would lean
harder
put pressure on the day
bring out golden violets
from Jeu de Paume
and a bright blue tie
wrapped around the Orangerie

if only the Seine would flow with Monet
the roof tops
take up the song of Cezanne

but now the rain falls
the little shots spattering
all of Paris
as though by Pointillists.

2.

Falling through winter
wheat downfield